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What are those parents going to do about it? What are teachers going to do about it?

The St. John's Academy, of Manlius, N. Y., has stopped the game. That is simple. Is it the only way?

The Columbia and Cornell teams played a game of association or "socker" football. The score was a tie. The players were lighter, nimbler, swifter than the beefy line-buckers. There was swifter, prettier play, more running, even kicking. Goal was kicked for Cornell by a nimble little Filipino. There were no substitutions.

Newsboy Clubs and a Leader.

"The bad element don't belong in our club," says he.

For dealing with his newsboy clients Mr. Sullivan has obvious advantages. To begin with, he is one of themselves and has been for twenty years. In the second place, he can fight if he has to, although among the boys who know his good intentions he does not have to.

The personality and the example of "Jack" Sullivan are commended to all those who ponder earnestly the problem of a New York easier to rule and better ruled. District leaders arise by such force and methods as these of the newsboy leader. They affect the welfare of the city one way or another according as they fall under or escape the lure of the grafter in politics. Every embryo leader who can be won to such loyalty to the city as he must later show to his followers means multiplied gain to the good-government cause.

[illegible]

"AY, Steve," remarked Currier one morning three days later.

"I just met that fellow Kelsoford on my way up from the village. First time I'd seen him since he played that meanly trick on you by upstaging your room and tipping up your mattresses. But one of the men tells me he seen Metford twice during the past three days following you around as he was trying to spy on you. When I met him this morning I stopped and told him pretty clearly what I thought of him. He looked so sick and had such a queer light in his eyes that I hardly had the heart to be very rough with him. He acted as first as if he wanted to lick me. But then, all of a sudden, he seemed trying to be civil, walked back as far as the tents with me and talked all the way. I saw through his game in a minute. He was trying to pump me about you. Kept asking what you did during the day if you ever went out at night, and all that. But he didn't get much satisfaction out of me. I just thought I'd warn you he's watching you."

"Thanks," answered Stephen, briefly. "He walked with me till we came to the edge of the encampment," pursued Currier. "There he caught sight of poor old Nero's cage away off from the rest

By J. Campbell Corv.



Fire-Crackers for Christmas.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I've heard outsiders sneer at the custom of New York children in dress up in masquerade for Thanksgiving and call it outlandish. Yet all through South Christmas Day is an excuse for children to fire fire-crackers and other pyrotechnics that custom has reserved as sacred to the Fourth of July. As in England, people, grown up as well as children, masquerade and beg on Guy Fawkes's Day. New York is

same as any place. Cut out the sneers
outsiders. YORKVILLIAN.

A Would-Be Athlete.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
How could I develop my muscles?
I am seventeen years old and am nearly
six feet tall and weigh 142 pounds.
Would you suggest dumbbells?

AMBITIOUS.

Join one of the Y. M. C. A. gymna-
siums. The instructor will prescribe
the diet and exercise best suited to your
special case.

Object Lessons in Drink.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
"Country Boy" says that his temperance principles stand in the way of his business and asks what to do.
I would beg of him, plead with him, reason with him, by all that he values most in life, do not take the first drink, no matter what you now may seem to lose by abstinence. It will in the future be a greater gain. A friend of mine, a young man with his own factory, wife and two little ones, came to New York to open a large business. He started taking a glass with business men. Today after one year he lies in a drunkard's grave, leaving a broken-down wife and his two girls, who had to work when they ought to have been in school, to survive the parent who once was a Sunday-school teacher beloved and respected. My own husband started drinking to improve his business standing. To-day I am struggling alone to support five children. I am sure you will

A black and white illustration of a man in a trench coat pushing a large, dark, rounded object (possibly a bomb or a large rock) down a rocky slope. A woman in a trench coat stands in the background, looking on. The scene is set against a backdrop of steep, rocky cliffs.

To Anice's amazement, he flung his full weight, backed by all his athletic force, against the stone.

"of course, and you may laugh at me, but the idea came to me so suddenly, so unexpectedly, just as all a woman's true intuitions do."

"I don't see how it is not to place some credit in feminine intuition—that strange sixth sense, wherever with the merest glint often reflects the keen logic of this man's."

"Then," he said, "'C. B.' stands for 'Cross beyond' or 'Cross by.' That would make the epithet read: 'Straight to the Cross beyond.' From Saint Judith to Yarmouth Harbor—'beyond' the (or 'under' the, or 'beyond' the) 'Cross beyond' (or 'by') 'Yarmouth'—south down Yarmouth Trail, 'H. R.'"

"'H. R.' repeated the girl. "That's easiest of all. Don't you remember the old woman who pointed out Island Cemetery and saw those twentieth century tombstones with 'H. R.' on them? Miss Michel says it stands for 'Hill Road'—the road to the cemetery. It must mean: 'Here It Rests.'"

"Come!" interrupted Stephen, more excitedly. "I'm sure to show, let's go over the ground together, and find out by the other path leading to Yarmouth Trail. Metford's yard near the cliff. I'll wait here to see us if I can find it."

Five minutes later they were in the "Trail," standing in front of the cross-rock.

"'Beyond Yarmouth,'" quoted Gault, "ten paces from the Cross beyond Saint Anne's Cove." It must be ten paces from the cliff, and the cross-rock looking up at the other sheer rock of the cliff—over it.

"Ten paces from the cross, beyond the cross," murmured Anne. "That must mean ten paces in the direction from which we've come. The Trail here is so narrow, between the cliff and the cross-rock, that the two are only one small space it can be in."

She drew a tape measure from her pocket and counted. And Stephen, with his hands that shook in spite of themselves, and the Stephen Gault measured a straight distance of thirty feet from the cross along the trail; then he stepped back and counted and chafin a moss-grown boulder, stepped on the exact spot where the twentieth roof ended.

"I looked at each other, and Gault laughed merrily.

"Our treasure-hunt has struck bed-rock," he observed.

"No!" "No," encouraged, laying her white little hand on his arm. "This isn't the end. We've made a mistake somewhere; but well soon get on the Cross. I have been wrong in thinking 'C. B.' stood for 'Cross beyond'."

"No!" he disagreed. "That was all right. I'm sure of it. The letter C. I measured the top of the cliff to the alpha) to some object along this trail. The cross is the most salient object, and the logical conclusion, therefore, is that the letter C. would have been there. I understand for it. Let's measure again. We may have miscalculated."

Again the measurement was made. The letter C. was at the head. Again the last inch of the measure touched the oval boulder they had before stumbled on. Then they measured—or tried to—and found that every direction from the cross-rook.

But on the seaward side there was a line of rocks, a foot or so apart, between the cross and the lowest tide-water mark. On the landward side, scarcely ten feet intervened between the cross and the oval boulder at the cliff. To the direction toward Yarmouth Harbor they were equally unlucky; for any straight line, thirty feet or more, would have cut off the windward trail into the surf. Moreover, from that point even twenty feet in that direction, Point Juxta was visible.

"The perpendiculars should be," Anice and Gault that at only one point in that whole crooked trail were Point Juxta, and the straight line, or, indeed, all three, visible at once. And that one point was at the oval boulder, ten paces to the south from the cross-rook.

"This should be the place," muttered Stephen, in perplexity. "It answers every qualification of the alpher. Eureka!"

"Do you suppose that boulder could have been dislodged from the cliff overhanging it, and fallen on this spot since the letter C. was hurled there? I'm sure!" said Anice.

"No," he replied. "I thought of that. But a high wind, and so near the water that such a big boulder could be rolled from the top, would have boomed clear into the sea. We've made a mistake."

As he spoke he leaned against the oval stone and glanced in a puzzled way toward the cross-rook. But in an instant he turned away to the cliff, in posture and to Anice's amazement flung his full weight, backed by all his splendid force, against the stone. To her, added astonishment, the boulder, which must have weighed nearly a ton, rocked and swung back and forth under his feet.

"Hurrah!" shouted Gault, waving his cap like a schoolboy. "We win! We win! Oh, Anice! can't you see?" he continued, pointing to the oval boulder, "the oval boulder. Can't you see it in profile?"

THE accompanying illustrations show the incredibly rapid strides democracy has made in conservative old England during the past century. The first picture is a reproduction of a contemporary print and depicts George III. and his Queen on their way to a Thanksgiving service at St. Paul's in 1789. Four white horses draw the gilded coach, while a score of uniformed outriders encircle the vehicle. Their Majesties are gorgeous in multi-colored silks and satins, while the narrow, ill-paved street is jammed with a gaping crowd.



The second illustration is reproduced from a snapshot recently taken in London. King Edward is shown, in frock suit and high hat, leaving his plain, one-horse brougham. A single footman, who has opened the carriage door, stands uncovered as the King crosses the sidewalk. In no other respect does the spectacle differ at all from the afternoon drive of any fairly prosperous New Yorker.

The noble life asks for more service instead of more servants.

No man can build his own reputation out of the ruins of another's.

You cannot get into green pastures while you herd with the goats.

Strident dealings are the best evidence of boldness in the narrow way.

It will take more than chicken pety to save this world from sin.

The man who is always in the way always thinks he is in the only way.

Riches are roots of evil only to the man who is failed to use any.

God has called to the man to seek the altar in the washrub and the cook stove.—Chicago Tribune.

TO-MORROW is Tuesday.
I musn't forget
To write about all of these
bills;
I'll pay the cigar man,
And tabs made for lunch—
To think of the rest gives me
chills—
The landlord and butcher,
And green-grocer man,
And the doctor who tends to our
ills.

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(To Be Continued.)